

THE REFERENCE
A SECOND COURSE
OR
BUBBLE AND SQUAB

OR
BRITISH BEEF GALLI-MATRY'D:
WITH
A DEVILL'D BISCUIT OR TWO
TO HELP DIGESTION

AND
"CLOSE THE ORIFICE OF THE STOMACH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF TOSY-TURVY, SALMAGUNDI, &c.

Liberus si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosus: hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. Hor. S. Lib. I. Sat. 4.

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By George Rutherford

CRAMBE REPETITA,
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
THAT URBANITY
WHICH GIVES LUSTRE TO THE DIGNITY OF
HIGH OFFICE,

THIS TRIFLE
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY AN HUMBLE BUT STAUNCH FRIEND
TO THE

EXISTING LAWS,
CONSTITUTION,
AND
GOVERNMENT
OF HIS COUNTRY.

FOR EVER LET THEM LAST.

Shakefp. Rich. 111.

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR

OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

SHEDDETH

BY AN ACT

TO

CONSTITUTE

OF HIS COUNTY

IN

THE

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

SECOND PART.

“OH that I was a red hot Poker!”*

Thrice that Stentorophónick stoker

Of coal-black conscience, R**L**D H*LL

Vociferates,—“that I, at will,

“Might in your hearts, ye God-less race,

“Stir up the smould’ring fire of Grace!”——

Thus o’er their tankards and decanters

Whigsters and Revolution ranters,

* The Exordium (thrice repeated) of a Discourse delivered some time since at his Methodistical Manufactory, by the Reverend Divine above-mentioned.

Our H***RDS, ER*K**ES, GR**s, and more hacks

Of Opposition, strain their thorax

Eager to kindle through the nation

A red hot zeal for REFORMATION.

Would you believe these prating drinkers,—

The Constitution 's made for Tinkers

Who fain would patch up her old house and,

While they mend one hole, make a thousand.

Reform, or democratic botching,

Is to New Whigs meat, drink, and lodging;

And oft they cast a wistful glance

Where cherishes enlighten'd France

The TREE by Faction's vot'ries priz'd,

And hail THE BLESSING REALIZ'D.

See from that foil all Ills expell'd

Which erst Pandora's casket held!

There kindles RADICAL REFORM

The Revolutionary storm;

Exterminates those unclean beasts,

Denominated Kings and Priests,

That

That, nurs'd in her Augëan stable
 Impos'd for ages on the rabble
 Restrictions obsolete and odd,
 Allegiance and the fear of God;
 Taught duties barbarous and crude,
 Justice, good faith, and gratitude;
 Profanely cherish'd Revelation,
 That sanctified abomination;
 And bade men venerate the Bible,
 That *counter-revolution libel*,
 Of Gallic freedom, faith, and works
 Intolerant as EDMUND BURKE'S—
 Though PAYNE has prov'd the whole a fable
 Devis'd by rev'rend knaves in fable.
 There, though the Sabbath's out of season,
 Décades they boast and FEASTS OF REASON : *
 'Turn

* As the Festival instituted by enlightened Gallic Idolaters in honour of the GODDESS OF REASON, does so much credit to the New Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century, I shall subjoin the following brief account of that memorable Solemnity as given in the Anti-Jacobin of Dec. 25, 1797.

Turn Crucifixes out of doors,

And adoration pay to Wh——s.

For France is too refin'd a Nation

To worship, in the Pagan fashion,

A cold,

“ HEBERT, a professed Atheist, at the Instigation of the execrable CONDORCET, set up a News-paper intitled —“ Journal du Veritable Pere du Chene.”——This paper was fill'd with blasphemy and obscenity of the grossest kind, and was distributed with a most pernicious activity.

“ The blessed effects of this patriotic print were not long in manifesting themselves. The People, accustomed to see the Religion of their Ancestors daily reviled, learned to think of it with indifference, and soon became ripe for the FARCE with CONDORCET and his Atheistical Associates were preparing for them.

“ GODET, the Revolutionary Bishop of Paris, appeared at the bar of the Constituent Assembly, with his inferior Clergy, and made a formal abjuration of CHRISTIANITY. He threw himself, he said, on the mercy of the Nation, for having so long deceived them with the absurdities of the *Impostor* CHRIST, and his *pretended* FATHER, whose Doctrines he now abjured with detestation and horror; and he assured them that in future he would acknowledge no other Deity than REASON.

“ Here began the Ceremony so much admired by our Jacobin Prints. HEBERT kept a strumpet of the name of MORMORO, the Wife of a renegade Corsican. This miserable Prostitute was fixed upon to represent the GODDESS of REASON; She was fantastically tricked out, and lead, at the head of a Grand Procession, to the Church of Notre Dame,

A cold, insensate Deity
 That cannot speak nor hear nor see ;
 Whose countenance a nose may brag on
 That never peep'd into a flaggon,
 Nay to take snuff, or sneeze, or smell,
 A shoeing horn might serve as well :
 Whose throat can chaunt no civic tunes,
 Nor medlars tell from macaroons :
 No.—French Philosophers take pride all
 In worshipping a LIVING IDOL ;
 And to a Goddess sacrifice
 Who rosy lips, and wanton eyes,
 And breasts protuberant, and what else
 Of meretricious goods and chattels

Dame, the Cathedral of Paris :—Here she was solemnly
 placed on a Throne of Turf and Flowers, while GOBET,
 and the rest of the Revolutionary Clergy burnt Incense on
 an Altar erected just before her.

“ While this was performing, the cannon announced
 the Instauration of the New Goddess: the enlightened
 People of Paris fell prostrate at the Signal, and paid their
 brutified adorations at the feet of a Street-walker and an
 Adultress ! ”

Kind

Kind Nature gave, black, brown, or fair,
 Devotes to public wear and tear.
 To this Divinity they burn *
 Incense who freely one good turn
 Wont with another to repay,
 Can flames enkindle and allay;
 Nay, to oblige her special friends
 Can light their candle at Both Ends,
 Repay their pious fumigation
 By fuscitating conflagration
 In pericrane of Philosophpher
 'Till his regen'rate brain boils over,
 And adoration he 'll gainsay all
 Save what is paid to REASON'S BAAL.
 Thus while *above* his fervours glow
 His Goddesses fires her mine *below*,
 Fraught with electric sparks and shocks
 From Cytheréan tinder-box,

* — Φιλομήμενοι θειάσαι πόρνην πολίτιδα :

Clem. Alexand. Admon ad Gent.

'Till he 's convinc'd that Cupid's torch is
 A brand that scarifies and scorches,
 And Reason's aid in this emergence
 Less efficacious than the Surgeon's:—

Adepts in Alchemy renown'd
 Boast they 've the wondrous secret found
 Base coin of Birmingham to mould
 And metamorphose into gold;
 And royal Midas with a touch,
 Old Fblers say, could do as much.*
 Play'd he at commerce or all-fours?
 His counters chang'd to luidores:
 He strokes his chin, and all admire
 His bristly beard become gold wire:
 And, fed with choice rappee, his nose
 A living mine of gold dust glows:
 He walk'd his field and saw the sod
 Teem with a crop of golden rod:†

* ——— Aurea fingens
 Omnia. ———

† Aurea messis erat ———

He seiz'd his oaken staff; behold
 In 's hand the Sybil's branch of gold! *
 Of hock and water on his table he
 Brew'd at each gulp aurum potabile: †
 Converted codlins bought for farthings
 To apples of Hesperian Gardens: ‡
 Pilchards and herrings in his dish
 Transform'd themselves into gold-fish:
 Sausage envelop'd in a thin gut
 He chang'd into a golden ingot:
 Of mustard pot he next laid hold,
 But grasp'd, in lieu, a pot of gold.
 Your Vauxhall slice of ham or beef
 He masticated to gold-leaf;
 And bade black-puddings transmigrate
 Into rouleaus upon his plate. —————

* Illice detraxit virgam, virga aurea facta est.

† Miscuerat puris autorem muneris undis,
 Fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

‡ ————— demptum tenet arbore pomum,
 Hesperidas donasse putes. —————

Ovid Met. Lib. XI.

But

But in THAT COUNTRY where CONFUSION
 Usurps the name of Revolution,
 And pettifoggers and fow-gelders
 Senates and Councils form of Elders,
 Since legislative confiscation
 Answers all ends of Transmutation,
 Gold-making 's deem'd a forryer trade
 Than 'tis to steal it ready made:
 And, since they 're well convinc'd to boot
 That wealth of evil is the root,
 They wisely wage inveterate quarrels
 With Ore that would corrupt their morals;
 Which that they may preserve intact
 They Midas' talent counteract,
 And by their grand financial mystery
 (Unparallell'd in modern history
 In whose gazettes they bounce and vapour)
 REFORM their luidores to Paper;
 Make Specie at their touch reducible
 To nought in Requisition-crucible;

Ensepulchre men's gold and plate
 In grand Crusophagus of state,
 From whence regenerated Cash is
 Hatch'd like a Phœnix from its ashes,
 And, freed in purgatory Gallic
 From its corporeal part metallic,
 Again to circulation springs
 On metaphysic paper wings;
 'Till, by the plund'rers who devis'd
 Its fabrication exorciz'd,
 And of all tenure dispossess'd,*
 Evaporates the SWINDLING PEST :

* Le croirait-on ? C' était le *Minister des finances* lui-même qui, pour anéantir les Mandats, les avait effectivement avilis en faisant jouer secrètement à la baisse.

D'Ivernois. Tableau Historique. P. 30.

RAMEL (le *Minister des finances*) a complètement réussi à purger la circulation d'Assignats et de Mandats; et certes il faut convenir que leur *Exit* a été vraiment digne de leur début sur le théâtre de la révolution. Ils s'y étaient introduits par un *VOI PUBLIC* commis sur les vrais propriétaires; ils ont disparu à l'aide d' *une foule de vols*, § tantôt publics, tantôt secrets, commis sur les faux propriétaires. —

Page 39.

§ See these Robberies severally specified in an enumeration of decrees and acts of the Directory. — Tableau. Page 40. Notes.

While

While famish'd dupes behold dismay'd
 CREDIT'S PALE GHOST FOR EVER LAID.—
 But though at length Annihilation
 Hath rid of this fell scourge the nation,
 Yet Rancour, Strife, Chicane, Oppression,
 Craft, Falsehood, Treach'ry, take possession
 In right of Predecessor Fiend,
 And where their wide-spread woes extend
 Ills more destructive than the First
 Engender these Sev'n Sprites accurst.*

'Tis

* En effet, la moindre difficulté était de se débarrasser du papier-monnaie, puisqu' après tout il pouvait suffire de trois décrets de démonétisation pour balayer les Assignats, les Rescriptions et les Mandats: mais ce qui est hors du pouvoir des EMPIRIQUES qui ont réussi d'abord à les émettre, puis à les faire disparaître; c'est d'arrêter les suites d'un million de procès interminables, aux quels le passage du papier-monnaie a donné lieu, et qui *sont déjà éclater une véritable guerre intestine* dans presque toutes les familles de cette malheureuse nation. Page 50.

Je viens enfin d'achever l'histoire des Assignats et des Mandats, de ce VOL SANS EXEMPLE commis sur une nation toute entière, et favorisé par tous ces citoyens. Il restera maintenant à écrire l'histoire non moins déplorable des vols auxquels ces citoyens se sont livrés les uns vis-à-vis des autres. Si quelqu'un a le courage de s'en charger,

'Tis thus reforms Enlighten'd France
 Both her RELIGION and FINANCE,
 Whose Reformation 's of a piece
 With her REGEN'RATED POLICE,
 Which scorns to tread the beaten road
 Prescrib'd by Law's impartial Code
 No more on evidence depends
 But bayonet to gain her ends;
 All pleas of justice interdicts,
 First dooms and afterwards convicts;
 Expatriates its own creators,
 Directors, ancients, legislators,
 Bids 'em by scores in waggons cramm'd,
 With a "Sic Volo," go be d——d!
 Proscrib'd unheard their native soil,
 In Afric's torrid regions broil;

c'est dans les registres des Tribunaux qu'il doit aller chercher ses matériaux; d'ici à plusieurs années, ils lui en fourniront d'abondans. C'est-là qu'il verra *dans toute son hideuse nudité* la plaie incurable que le papier-monnaie a faite aux Français, et leur DEMORALISATION presque universelle; car il leur a fallu inventer ce terme pour exprimer d'un seul mot les ravages des Assignats. Page 70.

Or

Or destins on Guiana's strand
 To pestilence the patriot band
 Who faithful to their public trust
 Presum'd at Paris to be just.*

IF

* The violent seizure and exile of Barthelemi, Pichegru, and sixty-five representatives of the people on the 18th Fructidor, (September 1797) to whose innocence in the eyes of their own countrymen we have the testimony (in *this case* unexceptionable) of J. H. STONE, the scoundrelly and traitorous correspondent of the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L. L. D. J. H. TOOKE, &c.

" You will have trembled for *our* Constitution and probably *felt some alarm for Liberty* on the events of the 18th Fructidor; You will have felt similar *disagreeable sensations* in hearing of the late arrests of the Deputies in Holland.— No one pretends that either those men, at least the immense majority of them who have been sent from time to time to Cayenne, or the Dutch Deputies now under arrest, are enemies either to Liberty or to their respective Republics; *No one of common sense entertains this opinion*: knowing many of the conquered party intimately, I can aver that they have left none behind more pure in manners or more decided in favour of Republican liberty."

Original Letter from J. H. Stone to Dr. Priestley.

Taken on board a Neutral Vessel, 1798.

What guerdon and destination awaits men distinguished for purity of manners and decided friends to Republican Liberty at the hands of their grateful and generous Parisian countrymen, the following authentic extract will inform us.

" CETTE

If such be REFORMATION's fruit
Where first that goodly plant took root,

“ CETTE MESURE est commandée par la politique, elle est autorisée par la justice, avouée par l'humanité,” &c.

Boullay.

D'après la manière humaine dont Boullay s'était expliqué, en assurant que la nation Française *toujours grande et généreuse* ferait volontiers un sacrifice pour mettre les DEPORTES en situation de s'établir en ce lieu, on est peut-être disposé à croire que le choix de ce lieu aura été aussi salubre que celui de Botany-Bay, et que c'est du moins sous ce rapport qu'on s'appliquerait à en faire, autant que possible, une mesure *avouée par l'humanité*. Rien de pareil; les deportateurs trouvèrent qu'il était au dessous de leurs fonctions de s'occuper du choix de ce lieu, et ils laissèrent à l'administration le soin de l'indiquer. A peine en fut-elle investie par décret, que La Combe Saint Michel donna à connaître le degré d'humanité qu'elle allait mettre dans l'exécution de la sentence des DEPORTES. “ Qu'ils foyent bannis du sol de la Liberté, qu'ils aillent respirer sous le climat brûlant de l'Afrique; ils étaient nés pour être esclaves.” Ce trait, qui lui échappa dans le transport de sa joie, est tout ce qu'on connaît encore (Février 1798) de la destination de ses malheureux collègues.

Note. Beaucoup de gens croient que leur destination est pour la GUYANE. S'il en était ainsi, c'est que pour se défaire plus sûrement de ses victimes, le Directoire aura choisi tout exprès le lieu même, où l'on a vu périr par des *maladies pestilentiennes* et par des inondations, toute la peuplade que l'ancien gouvernement Français y envoya après la paix de 1763.

Tableau Historique—D'Ivernois. Pages 266, 269, 270.

If

If her rich bed of Gallic mould
 With harvest of an hundred fold
 Prolific teem,—with plenty crown'd
 See France in *charity* abound :
 Roast meat, she cries, if well she fares,
 And with the world her blessings shares :
 “ ’Twere greedy to engross so much *

“ And give none to my friends the Dutch,
 What,

* In the winter of 1794, the French armies marched into Holland. On the 20th of January, a few days after their arrival, the French commissioners with the army published a proclamation in which they told the Dutch,
 “ In the midst of war, *we consider you as our friends and*
 “ *allies*; it is under *this name* that we enter your country,
 “ we seek not to terrify but to inspire you with confidence.
 “ It is but a few years since a tyrannic conqueror pre-
 “ scribed you laws; *we* abolish them and *restore your*
 “ FREEDOM.”

“ We come not to make you slaves, the French nation
 “ shall preserve to you your INDEPENDENCE.”
 “ Personal Safety shall be secured, and PROPERTY PRO-
 “ TECTED.”

Seven days after this first proclamation the same Com-
 missioners, having been admitted, with their troops into
 all the towns, &c. published a second, in which they for-
 mally invited the Dutch Government to furnish the army
 within one month, with the following supplies, viz.

200,000

"What, gorge alone!—while not a mess is

"Dish'd up for their High Mightinesses!

"Come, ope your mouths, Mynheers, we'll feed 'em

"With *forc'd meat* of REFORM and FREEDOM:

"Start

200,000 quintals of wheat; 500,000 rations of hay; 200,000 rations of straw; 500,000 bushels of corn; 150,000 pairs of shoes; 20,000 pairs of boots; 20,000 coats and waist-coats; 40,000 pairs of breeches; 150,000 pairs of pantaloons; 200,000 shirts; and 50,000 hats; and besides all this 12,000 oxen to be delivered in two months. This Requisition they call their AMICABLE INTENTIONS, &c. and give the Dutch to understand that in case the articles were not furnished they should be exacted by force.— This, however, was only the commencement; they subsisted their armies in Holland during the winter, took every thing they wanted, and *paid in depreciated Assignats* AT PAR; and finally they forced the Dutch to form an offensive and defensive alliance with them against England for ever. This treaty was signed May 15, 1795. It obliges the Dutch to cede to France, "AS INDEMNITIES," two of their most important Frontier towns, with the adjoining territories and one of their provinces; to admit French garrisons, in case of war in that quarter, into three others of their strongest frontier towns,—one of their principal sea-ports, &c. to employ half their forces in carrying on the present campaign under French Generals, and finally to pay France, as a FARTHER INDEMNIFICATION for the expences of the war, one hundred million of livres; equal to twenty-five millions of dollars, in cash or bills of exchange on foreign countries, &c. &c. &c.

In

“ Start not ’though Frenchmen sword in hand do
 “ Present You with this fine Fricando,
 “ Here freely feed.—You run no risk in
 “ Respect of weasand-pipe or griskin
 “ From your good friends, who scorn to sabre
 “ Or stab an inoffensive neighbour;
 “ To answer might your wisdoms puzzle
 “ Reports from Gallic cannon’s muzzle;
 “ But never let our charge affright
 “ Folks who can pay a bill at fight,
 “ Nor tremble in a vain belief
 “ We scent your herrings and smok’d beef;

In return—the French have driven away the Stadholder
 and changed the government—but have not suffered the
 Dutch to adopt one to their own mind.—The Dutch
 have also obtained, in addition to all these proofs of amity,
 an offensive and defensive war against England, in which
 they have already lost all their rich possessions in the East
 Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, a great part of their fleet
 and the remains of their trade.

Harpur’s Observations. Pages 47, 48, &c.

In An Enumeration of French Requisitions since pub-
 lished the losses of the Dutch are estimated at the enormous
 sum of thirty-four millions sterling.

" Each French Reformer with his own is
 " Contented—Your sage Belgic cronies
 " Won't in this weighty point mislead ye,
 " Consult them and *Experto crede*.^{*}
 " Then fet your hearts at rest, and hear
 " Our conscientious Chieftains swear
 " By Him on high, whose kingdom stood
 " As long as France thought fit it should;
 " Or Him below, th' infernal blade,
 " Whom we 've outdone at his own trade—

^{*} The French entered this unfortunate country (Belgium) under repeated and solemn promises of Protection and Freedom.—No sooner had they obtained possession, than *they put every article of Property*, which could be of use to their armies, *into Requisition*, and compell'd the people to receive payment in depreciated Assignats AT PAR; levied immense contributions; ordered measures to be taken to *compel the people to exchange their Money for Assignats AT PAR*; placed the country under the government of Military Commissioners, &c. &c.—and, having thus afforded "LIBERTY AND PROTECTION" to the Belgians, having thus "BROKEN THEIR CHAINS," &c. they proceeded to seize and confiscate for their own use, the whole property of the Clergy in Belgium to the amount of more than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Harpur's Observations. Page 51.

"Or

" Or we the Veidam oaths a score on

" Will take, or, if you please, the Koran,

" That France of your high mighty Persons

" Shall be as tender as of her sons—

" Shall pledge herself in solemn pact

" To keep your Property intact—

" That of Batavian Independence

" We 'll be th' assertors and defendants—

" With kind embrace fraternal greet you

" And love you well enough—to eat you."*

The Dutchmen answer'd in a fright:

Since their French friends were too polite

To stand on formal invitation,

They felt a load of obligation

* The Hollanders have been so happy as to experience the warmth of French affection wound up to its highest pitch, which exactly resembles the insatiable ardours of the wonderful Stallion of whom it is related that he always endeavoured to devour the Mares which had admitted of his caresses.

See the Account of King Michrage's Mares from the World Underground.—Sinbad the Sailor. Arab. Nights.

Whose weight they could not well express,
 And therefore left their Guests to guess
 Who, over rivers, dams, and ditches,
 As if they'd been convoy'd by witches,
 On broomstick-geldings, whip and spur,
 Brought 'em good news and gunpowder.
 For both which blessings to requite 'em
 They would do any thing but fight 'em.
 The points on which they had descanted
 They took most thankfully for granted;
 And—since they could not send 'em packing—
 Drank their good healths gin-grog and 'rack in.
 “ Save you, Mynheers ”—cried these New-comers
 And merrily tofs'd off their rummers—
 “ As you ne'er strove to keep us out,
 “ We'll grant you are wise men and stout;
 “ And for your victuals, drink, and lodgings,
 “ Expect, in lieu, from us True Trojans,
 “ Such feats, that ev'ry mother's son
 “ Shall own performance has outrun

“ Our

" Our promifes.—Our word we gave t' ye
 " To guarantee your persons' safety—
 " And, lo, our thrice-redoubted foldiers,
 " Have left your heads upon your shoulders !
 " This, from our Reformado-race,
 " Account *no common mark of grace.*—
 " We fware we would forbear to feize
 " Your Property.—Then keep your fleas :
 " And from your marlhes, fens, and bogs,
 " 'Though French-men, we'll not filch your frogs,
 " But gratis be content to cut on
 " Sirloins of beef, prime veal, and mutton.
 " And deem not we infringe our oath in
 " Engroffing all your carnal clothing,
 " Shirts, waistcoats, pantaloons, and brogues,
 " To furbish up our tatter'd rogues ;
 " Nor growl, tho' stripp'd from snout to great-toe
 " As naked as a pared potatoe ;—
 " What if your dinners, shirts, and shoes—Sirs,
 " We borrow,—You can be no losers

" Since

" Since WE FRATERNITY commute
 " For meat and drink and clothes to boot,
 " And, generating Reformation
 " By fundamental denudation,
 " Make Dutchmen, on whose spoils we've fatten'd,
 " What this end loses gain at that end,
 " And, from incumbrance freed below decks,
 " Sanculottize both SOUL and Podex,
 " Like those of CLOOTZ,* a precious pair,
 " Stripp'd sympathetically bare;
 " 'Till ev'ry Frenchified-Mynheer
 " Shall emulate THAT BRITISH PEER,

* " MON AME EST SANS-CULOTTES," said Jean Baptiste (alias Anacharsis) Clootz, the Ingrafter of spiritual upon carnal Sanculottism: whom, during the paroxysms of his Skeleaphobia,—when he was untrowser'd to the very Soul of him—Robespierre judiciously arrested

" ——— and sent him down *bare breech'd*

" To Pedant Rhadamanthus, in posture to be switch'd."

See Second Part of St. George & the Dragon,
 Pills to Purge Melancholy. Vol. III.

" And

“ And most profound Gymnosophist*
“ Of all the Anglo-gallic list,
“ Who 'midst th' Aristocratic Corps,
“ Abjured the Breeches that he wore;†
“ Dismantling his lean ‡ Lodge of Honour
“ To class with *Citizen O'CONNOR*.

“ You 've a rare bargain, Sirs! In th' end on 't
“ We vow'd to make you Independent—
“ Videlicet——of your best friends:
“ Which—if not yours—will serve our ends;
“ And that is, you may well discern all,
“ The self-same thing 'twixt blades fraternal.
“ Then swear, as we do, on this jorum,
“ In sæcula, Boys, sæculorum,

* Gymnosophists—a name given by the Greeks to certain bare-bottom'd Philosophers of antiquity, many of whose peculiar tenets are cherish'd among the Bramins of the East.

† Earl St**H*PE who avowed himself a SANS-CULOTTE in the British House of Lords.

‡ The place where Honour's lodg'd. Butler.

“ 'Gainst

" Gainst Britain's insolent dominion
 " (As swore the one-eyed Carthaginian
 " Against Rome's peace;—nor deem, applied
 " This simile, to your *blind* side)—
 " Inveterate enmity to nourish,
 " And shew, like Us, in action currish,
 " Who'd fire the globe, set hell in motion,
 " To crush those Tyrants of the Ocean.

" 'Tis well!—Our Mandate You've obey'd.—
 " Now, of Dependence who's afraid?—
 " DE WINTER, see, the rogues have beat :
 " You're independent of—your Fleet.—
 " Lo, to the South their course they shape!
 " You're independent of—the Cape,
 " Amboyna, Banda's isles, Ceylon.—
 " (Who nutmegs wants or cinnamon?)
 " For Zealand and your Netherlands
 " Care not.—We'll take them off your hands;
 " And garrison your frontier towns.
 " Thus France your Independence crowns!—

" Yet

- “ Yet, one thing please to note beside,
“ That France must be indemnified
“ For these kind services she's done ye :
“ Stand and deliver, Sirs, your MONEY!
“ Grudge it not Us who came so far
“ To sell you Assignats at par,
“ And, 'till fly RAMEL* knock'd o' the head it,
“ ENRICH'D YOU WITH OUR PAPER-CREDIT!
“ We ask but—all that's in your chest;
“ Pay that :—We'll trust you for the rest.
“ Though you dared keep, ('till the Great Nation
“ Effected your Regeneration,)
“ To fight pro aris and pro focis
“ A STADHOLDER, beneath our noses.
“ Down with your Cash! —Well; since you've
“ done 't,
“ We'll pocket it besides th' affront;
“ And beg you'll live content and easy
“ 'Till, as OUR SPONGE, AGAIN we squeeze ye.”

* French Minister of Finance.

The Horfeleech* and her daughters twain
 Saith Solomon, the life-blood drain
 Unfated, and athirst for more
 They cry "Give, give, da, da," encore.
 Here doubtless, in prophetic trance,
 Of THAT FELL HORSELEECH MODERN FRANCE
 The sapient writer had a glimpse,
 And saw her two accursed imps
 Rapacity and t'other daughter
 Still more unconscionable, Slaughter :
 For 'though her Reformation zeal
 Made of Sev'n Provinces a meal,
 Still rages, ne'er to be controll'd
 Her appetite for Blood and Gold.—
 Cold, temperate, and torrid clime
 Sees her infuriate lust of crime
 Burst ev'ry social bond, confound
 Order, spread insurrection round;

* The Horfeleech hath two daughters crying give, give,
 da, da,———

Proverbs, 30.

Rob, outrage, massacre, and spoil
Mankind from Holstein to the Nile.

Yet Opposition France acquit,*
"The Common Enemy is PITT,"
Justly abhorr'd by each New Whig
Because he never cared a fig
How much his martial *provocation*
Incens'd *their friends* of the Great Nation. —
Yet ER***NE will our ears be dinning†
With "France more sinn'd against than sinning,"—

And

* Whig Club, Freemason's Tavern. — Mr. Sheridan said that Mr. Fox had delivered an excellent speech against the foreign enemy and against "the COMMON ENEMY Mr. PITT." He dreaded the French more, on account of the *provocations they had received from this Government.* —

Courier. May 2, 1798.

† Mr. Erskine assures us that the FRENCH REPUBLIC *is more sinned against than sinning.*

Anti-Jacobin. Decemb. 25, 1797.

"On this ground (his having given from their chair
"—"The Sov'reignty of the People,") his Majesty was
"advised, at a moment when it was thought that light
"from every quarter ought to be let in upon the Councils

And vent in *egotistic* prose his
 Profound concern lest whiggish noses
 Should smell—if not a rat—a stink,
 Since GEORGE extinguish'd Fox's link;
 Yet CHARLES,—*despairing of Resistance*—
 Still from St. Stephen's keeps his distance:
 Resistance,—You'll perhaps suppose
 The Patriot means—to Britain's Foes.
 Mistake him not! F*x recommends
 Resistance to Britannia's Friends,
 King, Lords, and Commons; these, he fears
 Are but so many ROBESPIERRES;

Whom, since they've cured us of Sedition,
 He fain would cure, as whig-physician,

“ of the kingdom,—to EXTINGUISH THE LIGHT OF MR.

“ Fbx. Put out the light, and then—What then?—

“ To put down the recollection of the legitimate legal

“ Sov'reignty of the people derived from the Law and

“ Constitution of England.”

“ Perhaps some men expected that consequence—I

“ DETERMINED to disappoint them.—ON MY MOTION

“ the Club resolved, &c. &c. &c.”

Mr. Erskine's Speech. Whig Club, March 5, 1799.

Of

Of playing such another trick
On England's body-politic.*

“ Can Freemen sleep secure o' nights
“ While Wrongs repeal the Bill of Rights;
“ To curb forsooth Sedition's crew,
“ All honourable men and true
“ AS HE for whom, at Maidstone tried,
“ I swore so lustily and loud?—

* After the Repeal of the Bill of Rights in the Sedition Bill, &c. &c. still less could I be surprized at any proceeding of the present Government. After our experience of the System they have adopted in Ireland, which I have no doubt we should look at as a picture of the tyranny which they will introduce into England. Whether it be owing to the want of power or the want of disposition in the body of the People of this Country to resist this Tyranny I cannot pretend to determine; but SORRY I AM TO SAY THAT, from whatever cause it arises, THERE SEEMS AT PRESENT LITTLE PROSPECT OF RESISTING IT WITH EFFECT. I have no difficulty in saying that the present System of the Government of England is a System of Terror—the SYSTEM of ROBESPIERRE, &c. &c.

Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club.

Courier. May 2, 1798.

“ Back

“ Back'd by right noble Blue and Buff-folk
“ Earl TH***T, O**F**D, N**F**K, S**FF**K,
“ (Who told the Court and told my Lady
“ Of morals, locks, post-chaise, and Paddy)
“ In whose behalf too lied and swore
“ Whig-commoners as many more :
“ HAL G**TT*N, W**TB***D, T*YL*R Mic -,
“ Who, for an Opposition Chick,
“ Can swear a tolerable stick :
“ Though nothing like us old Game-cocks
“ BR**DSL*y, the BARRISTER, and F*x.”——

But if the Friends of Britain feel

The rancour of our Patriot's zeal,

His generous plaudit he bestows

As freely on his Country's Foes.

When the FELL SNAKE REGENERATE FRANCE

Cast her old slough, Allegiance ;

When, teeming with a Nation's woes,

Her baleful womb's convulsive throws

Gave to the world its ravening brood

Of Anarchists baptiz'd in blood,

Who,

Who, fraternizing with the rabble,
 Those Brick-makers of Modern Babel
 Uprear'd her dread Volcanic frame
 Surcharg'd with Infurrection's flame,
 That, towering in gigantic pride,
 All powers of Heav'n and Earth defied:
 F*x, with congratulating smile
 Enraptur'd view'd "the noblest pile
 " That mortal wisdom e'er devis'd
 " And hail'd Eutopia realiz'd." *

* It had frequently been the practice——to recur to a Speech of a Relation of his (Mr. Fox), delivered at the commencement of the French Revolution, stating something like these words:

" That it was the MOST WISE INSTITUTION, and MOST FINISHED FABRICK OF HUMAN INGENUITY, &c."

Ld. Holland. House of Lords, Jan. 8, 1799,

We cannot help being struck with the happy coincidence and sympathy in sentiment between our great *Whig Orator* and the *sans-culotte* "Orator of the human race" (as he modestly termed himself) ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ who thus addressed the French Legislative Assembly:

" The trumpet, which indicates the Resurrection of a Great Nation, has resounded to the four corners of the world.—The WISDOM OF YOUR DECREES, and the Union of the Children of France THAT RAVISHING PICTURE OF HUMAN FELICITY, &c. &c. &c."

But

But when Aboukir's rescued Strand
 Brave NELSON! thy resiftless band
 Beheld, of Seamen bold and staunch,
 The thunder of destruction launch
 On faithless Gallia's Naval Host;
 Round Egypt's gratulating Coast
 While Britain's Cross triumphant wav'd,
 Blest Ensign of an empire fav'd!——
 Proud of the palms his valour won,
 While Albion glories in HER SON,
 And strains of gen'ral joy proclaim
 The vast accession to her fame.*——
 See FACTION, sickening at the deed,
 From scenes of honest joy seceed,
 Enshroud in Tavern-haunts aloof
 Her clouded brow and cloven hoof,

* Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas
 Extendit oras: quà medius liquor
 Secernit Europen ab Afro:
 Quà tumidus rigat arva NILUS.

Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. 3.

And

And prompt her Chosen Advocate
 Ills to enlarge on and create,
 And mingle with adult'rate wine
 His stream of eloquence malign :

“ Friends, whose Subscriptions line my fob,
 “ True subjects of my Liege, the Mob;
 “ Long since, you know, in fullen spite,*
 “ I bade the Commons' House good night,
 “ And march'd off, confidently judging
 “ They'd my secession take in dudgeon,
 “ And, *for the safety of the nation,*
 “ Intreat me to resume my station.—
 “ For, as old CATO at Rome's Shows
 “ Thought fit to introduce his nose

* “ The last time (I mean this time twelvemonth) I took occasion to speak to you in this place upon public affairs, I stated that the circumstances of the time were such as to suggest to me a conduct (SECESSION from Parliament) which I have, as far as it depended upon me, pursued.”

Mr. Fox's Speech. Anniversary of his Election for Westminster, Whig Club.—Morn. Chron. October 11, 1798.

" Merely to take it out again,
 " And stalk away in high disdain : *
 " So I, on my SECESSION-hack
 " Mounted, in hopes to gallop back,
 " Hail'd by the rabble's plausive shout,
 " Just as the Roman Churl went out.

" Though such as been my drift, 'tis fit
 " That you should know your chairman's bit.
 " Sirs, at my stratagem they laugh,
 " (Old birds are n't to be caught with chaff,)
 " And jog on merrier than before
 " Since OPPOSITION 's now no more.
 " Now this is horribly provoking
 " To one who loves to clap a spoke in
 " Each wheel of Government's machine ;
 " I thought I should have burst with spleen :
 " When opportunely You commanded,
 " And strait from apex of ST. ANNE† did

* Cur in theatrum, CATO severe, venisti?
 An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires? — Martial.

† Mr. Fox's Mansion on the summit of ST. ANNE'S HILL,
 near Chertsey.

" Come down your SULLEN CINCINNATUS
" Relinquishing his roast-potatoes,
" Swing-tail and cacklers*, syllabub,
" And blooming BET, to serve the Club.
" So, without invitation given,
" Twice I've revisited St. Stephen:
" First, to devote to execration
" That most unprincipled invasion
" Of Sovereign People's goods and chattels,
" To fight their Subject-Monarch's battles;
" Which though some chuse to call 'Assessment',
" Depend upon 't there's nothing less meant
" Than from your pockets to purloin
" And to their own translate your coin:
" When, so complete was my success,
" You 'll never pay one doit the less.†

* Fowls and Bacon.

† During the course of the last year I made some exceptions to my general conduct, in obedience to your commands: I attended the discussion of that Bill, which, under colour of taxation, was a general system of unprincipled invasion of the property of the people, to serve the purposes of Government—you know how little success attended my efforts upon that occasion in the House of Commons." —

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" Proud

" Proud of encouragement like This,
 " I thought it would not be amiss
 " To bore the House another day,
 " And with desponding phiz pourtray
 " The storm that o'er the heads was gathering
 " Of OUR UNITED IRISH BRETHREN,
 " Harra's'd by PITT in their vocation
 " Of Treason and Assassination :
 " Such Tyranny 'twas deem'd you'd kick at ;
 " So here the Commons clos'd their wicket.
 " On mischief they were bent, no doubt,
 " When they presum'd to shut You out.
 " And keep,—indignant I remark—
 " Their own Constituents in the dark.*

* " Upon another occasion, that of the affairs of Ireland I attended, and then the public were deprived of the advantages of information of the proceedings in Parliament; for the doors of the Commons' House were shut against its own Constituents. The motive of this could not be misunderstood. Those who had remarked the whole system of the Administration of that unfortunate Kingdom, were convinced that it could not be examined without exposing the enormities of Government. They therefore shut out the public from information, being determined to keep them as much in the dark as possible." Mr. Fox's Speech.

" Alas!

" Alas! this dark, exclusive dealing
 " Affects me with a fellow-feeling,
 " Who, for these fifteen years and more,
 " Have been o' the *wrong side* of the door;
 " Shut out of the Cabinet in spite
 " With partner N**** at twelve at night: *
 " Scath'd with the blast abrupt and rude
 " Of th' ill state wind that blows none good;
 " Which broke the Firm of Coalition;
 " Thenceforth the topic of derision;
 " Compell'd me *poverty* to plead,
 " A Yellow Patriot run to feed; †

* Between twelve and one o'clock at night on the eighteenth of December, 1783, a Special Messenger delivered to Lord North and Mr. Fox, the two Secretaries of State, a message from his Majesty, importing, that it was his Majesty's will and pleasure, that they should deliver to him the seals of their respective offices. On this message the Seals were sent to Buckingham-house by Mr. Frazer and Mr. Nepean, the two under Secretaries.

† A Yellow Patriot—i. e. a patriot upon the wane, "fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf," whom neither the people nor the cause of liberty are likely to be the better for—as Mr. F. describes himself at the conclusion of his speech:—A patriot laid on the shelf, like a Yellow Admiral; and displaying the same colours BLUE AND BUFF.

" A pa-

" A patriot, useless ev'ry where
" Saye in CONSERVATORIAL Chair*
" Where I great Freedom's rites prolong
" With HOWARD's toast and DIGNUM's Song,
" Fost'ring with vinous irrigation
" The *baby*-cause of Reformation,
" While all our democratic prigs
" Hail me WET-NURSE OF SUCKING-WHIGS.†
" Last

* "This Club had been truly said to be a *Conservatory* of the principles of our ancestors when all other descriptions seemed eager to forget them."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Whig Club, March 5, 1799.

† No genuine WHIG-CLUB, Whiggery, or Secession-seminary can be properly trained and conducted without the care of a superintending Sympoist or WET-NURSE, as it receives its natural and political nutriment from suction. Your Sucking-Whigs *unite their speculations* (as Locke expresses himself to another purpose) *with their Sucking-bottles*. They suck in or imbibe with their ears, Philippicks denouncing "the fall of Sceptres and of Crowns"—*Exactos Tyrannos bibunt Aure*—and with their mouths the sophisticated Oporto of the tavern:—*purpureo bibunt Ore Nectar*—. It is the double province of the CHAIR-WOMAN or WET-NURSE to circulate *Seditious Sentiment*

" Last year's events I've scann'd—they shew me*
 " Some prosp'rous scenes and others gloomy,
 " Together ta'en—they on my mind
 " No good impressiion leave behind.
 " Now, you must know, my friends, I like
 " That same Philosopher antique
 " (Though be assured not half so well
 " As THOSE in France that bear the bell)
 " Who with his royal master chattering
 " Requested to dispense with flattering

timent and the SUCKING-BOTTLE, with a "Here we go
 round, round, round, round!"—instilling

Imbiberet teneris quod *musæa* sensibus ætas,
 ————*ndæque* docens inolescere menti.

Jos. Scaligeri. Fun. Lib. P. 89.

Maddening with Revolutionary wassel
 Irriguous souls of WHICLINES drunk and docile.

* " During the last year various events have happened,
 some of them prosperous, and others of them gloomy: but,
 taking them together, I confess the impressiion upon my
 mind is not favourable.—It was a saying, which I have
 always admired, of a celebrated Philosopher of antiquity to
 his King—"I cannot be your friend and your flatterer too."
 Just so is it with me; I cannot, while I profess to be your
 friend, give you any comfort."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Octob. 1798.

" His

" His Majesty would condescend;
 " Because he meant to be his friend.—
 " And thus, for ev'ry ROYAL SIR,
 " (*Elector, viz. of Westminster,*
 " For other Royalty, you know
 " I've turn'd my back on long ago,)
 " Trust me, the high consideration
 " I feel precludes all consolation:
 " I, your *true* friend, see nought but evils
 " Enough to give you the Blue Devils.
 " You've toasted NELSON in a brimmer:*—
 " Yet fortune, to my ken, looks grimmer
 " By half, Sirs, than she did before he
 " Enhanc'd Great Britain's naval glory.
 " 'Twas, I'll admit, a feat to crack on—
 " Yet this White Day's to me a Black One;

* " We have drank the health of the brave and gallant
 Commander, Admiral NELSON, and the Seamen under
 his command. The victory obtained by them is the most
 signal, the most gallant, and in every respect the most
 glorious, that ever was recorded in the annals of the world,
 &c."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" And

" And since some weep for joy, I'll borrow
 " Of Joy a tear or two for Sorrow, and blow T "
 " Te Deum sing who will to cheer ye, T "
 " I choofe to chaunt my Miserere; T "
 " And for the Souls lament and groan
 " Of Those who told us THEY HAD NONE! "
 " Judge, you that quaff Shakesperian wine: O "
 " How dreadful to be drench'd with brine!
 " Ah what induced our gallant fleet,
 " With nauseous draught saline to treat
 " (Not attic salt like Sheridan's) "
 " Th' advent'rous citizens of France!
 " Heav'ns,—were the Great Republic's founders
 " Compell'd to fraternize with flounders!—
 " And serve the world's Regenerators
 " For sandwiches to alligators!
 " Of thrice-renown'd, tri-colour'd flags
 " Shall Cophtis make their pudding bags,
 " Or sulph'rous explosion toss over
 " To crocodiles a French Philosopher!!—

" Had I a heart of oak or flint

" 'Twould break, or else the devil 's in 't,

" To recapitulate—Hei Mihi!

" Such Tragi-conquest with a dry eye !!!

" But should your favouring smiles applaud

" Our naval victories abroad,

" Look, Sirs, but on This side the Watery

" At Home you 'll find no laughing matter :*

" But rue with me—since execution

" Is done on England's Constitution.†

* " But, if you look at the other part of the conduct of the Executive Authority of this country, either abroad or at home; if you look at our internal state, and that which ought to concern us still more, the state of the Constitution, then will you be bound to confess, that with all your naval triumphs, your prospect was never more gloomy than it is at the present hour."

Mr. Fox in May 1798, recommended to his Whig-Auditory, that they should reserve themselves for more propitious times, in which they might exert themselves with spirit for the *Recovery* of the Constitution for to speak of its *Preservation*, said he, would now be Mockery and Insult.

See Courier, May 2, 1798.

† Is execution done on Cawdor yet?

Macbeth.

Beh "

"I've

* " I've stated to you once before
 " How your own Senate shut its door,
 " And left you all without to wail
 " Freedom as dead as a door nail :
 " Yet this attempt your rights to stifle
 " May be regarded as a trifle,
 " When 'tis compar'd with their address in
 " Entrenching on your greatest blessing.
 " What I'm now driving at you'll guess;—
 " The Liberty of England's press—
 " For That of Ireland,—I deplore—
 " And its Conductor† now no more

* " I have stated to you the shutting of the doors of the House of Commons, to prevent the public from having proper information of its proceedings; that is a point in itself extremely important; but it amounts to little more than nothing in comparison with the steps that have been constantly taken of late years, to destroy the greatest blessing a people ever enjoyed. I need not tell you, I mean the Liberty of the Press.—In Ireland it is now no more, and it was extinguished there in a more marked manner than in this country; but in both the object is the same, although the means to attain it are different."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

† The self-convicted traitor, Arthur O'Connor, the Conductor of a most flagitious Irish paper called "The Press."

" Can elevate Rebellion's flag, or
" Direct Assassination's dagger.
" * These prosecutions—Whence do they come?
" From folks above (the devil take 'em)
" Who Publishers of dang'rous treason
" By durance vile would bring to reason;
" 'Tis for true patriots, in terrorem,
" That Ministers the rods hold o'er 'em
" Of scourge, imprisonment and fine;
" The case, Sirs, may be yours or mine;
" Would it not be confounded hard,
" Perch'd on a Butt in Palace Yard

* "To manifest a determination to put an end to that Palladium of all Freedom, prosecutions of every kind are instituted against the publishers of political works, instead of the Authors, and that too while the Author himself is ready to come forward. To what use do you imagine these prosecutions are thus carried on? To what use can they be, except of striking terror in the minds of men about publishing any thing upon public affairs, and to render it impossible for any man, with safety, to publish any thing that is adverse to the present Administration of this Country. This, I am persuaded, has already had a very considerable effect; it produces terror every day, and will soon extinguish the Spirit of the Press."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" Should

“ Should I our democratic Hectors
“ Call to attend my public lectures,
“ And recommend all those that hear 'em
“ To strip their betters or cashier 'em,
“ Tell those good fellows, when they list,
“ They 're in the right on't to resist
“ (So they from hemp can screen their gullets)
“ Their governors with pikes and bullets—
“ If, while to such a tune they dance,
“ To be laid hold of 'twas my chance.—
“ Promulgating such wholesome tenets,
“ If rigorous Police between its
“ Talons intolerant should gripe your
“ Chairman, and make him pay the piper—
“ Shut him up close in Bastile barr'd,
“ Associate of oppress'd DESPARD,—
“ Should it, for broaching all these fine tales,
“ Reward him with a cat o' nine tails—
“ Should Justice cripple Whig-exertion
“ With flagellation and coercion—

“ But

" But soft!—Your eyes the sorrows share
 " That stream from this Prophetic Chair:
 " So painful is the Theme, unmann'd I
 " Despair!—Fill up the punch with brandy!
 " Give S**R*D*N a glass of rum too!
 " Ah, DICK!—'tis what WE ALL must come to!

" Yet ills on ills I must unfold
 " Tragic as these already told:
 " When MINISTERS assail'd the Press,
 " 'Twas with mask'd battery and finesse
 " They strove the subject's rights to master—
 " And, when the Commons' House made fast her
 " Doors on the discontented herd,
 " 'Twas then mum chance, and snug's the word!

* " But although the means employed to silence the Press be not so glaring as in another kingdom, and therefore do not make the same impression, and although the shutting the doors of the House of Commons are alarming enough, and not the less so to a discerning mind for being moderate in appearance; yet, upon one occasion, Ministers dealt candidly by the public—they spoke boldly out."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" (If

" (If still I harp on " Shutting Door"—
 " Forgive me—on *that* point I'm fore)
 " Yet once *THEY* borrow'd Candour's vest
 " And boldly, what they thought, express'd.—
 " When late the Foe, resolv'd t' invade us,
 " Plann'd their invincible Armadas,
 " Of windmill-raft and air-balloon,
 " Like Bedlamites at full o' the moon;
 " Hector'd, and vow'd they'd give no quarter
 " To British Pudding, Beef, and Porter,
 " And shew'd their nose in Bay of Bantry;
 " Then every *guardian of his pantry
 " To our State-chiefs his service tender'd:
 " For apprehension keen engender'd
 " A military Influenza;
 " Marshall'd on ev'ry side you then saw
 " Heroes that Mars himself might brag on;
 " (Not Cadmus, dentist to the dragon,

* "Some time ago, as you all remember, from the apprehension of danger a great spirit appeared ready for the public defence, and *all descriptions of persons* offered themselves for that purpose."

Mr. Fox's Speech.

" Heroes

" With grinders from the monster's chops
 " Extracted, rais'd more valiant crops,
 " Saw PLEADERS, *in contempt* of Courts,
 " Quit law—for gunpowder—reports;
 " Saw CLERKS their sable stole and beaver
 " Discarding, catch the scarlet fever;
 " Zeal militant DISSENTERS seize,
 " And make starch QUAKERS 'Stand at Ease';
 " Then COOKS took leave of roast and fried
 " And clapp'd their spits upon their side,
 " Forswore their gridironic toils,
 " And sigh'd for none but *hostile* broils;
 " Then CHYMNEY SWEEPS and PRINTERS' IMPs
 " From black turn'd red, like scalded shrimps;
 " BUTCHERS their slaught'ring blades on steel
 " Whetted for foes instead of veal,
 " While sound of spirit-stirring drum
 " Struck marrow-bones and cleavers dumb;
 " No leaven froth'd in BAKERS' bowls
 " Who thought of none but muster-rolls;

" No

"No TAYLOR clapp'd his goose the fire on;
 " But hot relinquisht for cold iron;
 " And of nine Snips brought up the rear
 " Who clubb'd to make one Grenadier;
 " Courageous COBLERS left their stalls
 " And chang'd for bayonets their awls;
 " TANNERS their trade no longer plied,
 " Each swore he 'd tan a Frenchman's hide;
 " Then SQUIB-MAKERS their art renounc'd,
 " And of feats martial crack'd and bounc'd;
 " BARBERS, for Britain's weal alarm'd,
 " Turn'd out, with *barb'rous* weapons arm'd,*

* The subsequent extract from an Oration of the venerable RALPH BATHURST delivered in the Convocation House of the University of Oxford, over which he presided as Vice-Chancellor, as long ago as the year 1676, may be regarded as an Academical Prediction of the extraordinary though not unnatural influence of the Military Mania in after times upon the Tonsorial Species:

"TONSORUM plena sunt omnia: obtrudunt se proficiscen-
 " tibus, *invadunt* redeuntes; obvio cuicumque, BARBARA
 " TELA, forfices et novaculas intendunt."

Orat. habit. in Dom. Convocat. Oxon,
 Nov. 10, 1676.

See the Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, by
 T. WARTON.

" Suspending on their poles, 'till then signs
 " Of peaceful shavery, warlike ensigns;
 " BLACKSMITHS recoiling from their labours,
 " Hammer'd their horse-shoes into sabres;
 " PORK-WIVES left sausages and souse
 " To stuff ball-cartridges for spouse,
 " Nay chitterlings to sword-belts twisted
 " While e'en the HANGMAN's self enlisted,
 " Threat'ning with steel, instead of rope,
 " To give destruction ampler scope.

" Amidst this military bustle*

" Summon'd his merry men brave R****L,

* "Mr. TIERNEY and the DUKE of BEDFORD, with a
 considerable body of men, offered their services, but they
 were rejected. Administration told them—'You must not
 have arms in your hand, because you have not the confi-
 dence of the Ministers.' In other words, Ministers have
 said—'You are not for us personally, and we will not trust
 you with arms. We will arm but one half of the Country,
 lest the other half should recover its liberties.' I think it
 is impossible for any man of the least common sense to
 help seeing the drift of all this conduct."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Oct. 1798.

" And

“ And took his station at their head :
“ Not Those in livery white and red,
“ But those same five-and-twenty Jacks
“ For whom, to pay that scurvy tax
“ On serving-men, a just aversion
“ Brought a surcharge his ducal purse on.*
“ ('Tis thus Administration greedy
“ Grinds, unconcern'd, the *poor* and *needy*,)
“ While the main body of these Blades
“ Bestrode sev'nteen *forgotten* Jades,
“ Eight trudg'd behind through wet and dry,
“ A doughty corps of Infantry;
“ Who sported spatterdash or pumps,
“ Or charg'd without 'em on their stumps.

* The Duke of Bedford was surcharged for *twenty-five* Servants in addition to twenty-six which he had entered; they acted in the following capacities:

Porter, 1, Gardener, 1, Postillion, 1, Helpers 21,
Gamekeeper, 1.

His Grace was also surcharged for *seventeen horses* (*forgotten* in his statement) in addition to thirty which were previously entered.

" GEORGE T**R**Y too around him rallied
 " His Borough-mongrel Squadron squalid ;
 " Resolv'd on *working* Reformation
 " With *Southwark* *leaven's* fermentation *
 " Who 've done things great, renown'd and rare,
 " The dev'l and G***GE know what they are ;†
 " If you 'll believe him, They and He
 " Are just what patriots ought to be,

* Among a number of *select* Sentiments which were
 drank with great applause at the Celebration of Mr.
 Tierney's Election for Southwark, (see Morn. Chron.
 Decemb. 24, 1796,) was the following;

" May the Leaven of Southwark ferment in ev'ry
 borough in the kingdom." The credit of this truly patri-
 otic effusion is said to be arrogated by BRIGADIER BATCH,
 a baker of Frying-pan Alley.

† " We have done GREAT THINGS between us, when I
 say We, you will understand I mean always to respect duly
 my better Half, the Electors of the borough of South-
 wark."

" I say I have deserved well of my country, You deserve
 well of your country.—We are what Constituents and
 a Representative ought to be."

Celebration of Mr. Tierney's Election,
 Morn. Chron. Dec. 24, 1796.

" He

“ He their whig herd-man and his flocks

“ And herds constituent whig-blocks.

“ Sirs, 'twas a most outrageous wrong

“ That varlets, five-and-twenty strong,

“ Who, all of them, not worth a groat are,

“ Besides a DUKE *of the first water*

“ To Government so well affected,

“ Should have their services rejected!!—

“ Sure 'tis high time, when thus they scout 'em,

“ For Citizens to look about 'em!

“ And, since the Country values not 'em,

“ To trade upon their own Whig-bottom.

“ Since Lord-Lieutenants treat like aliens

“ GEORGE T**R**Y's Tag-rag-and-bobtailians;

“ Halberds withhold and swords and guns

“ From Southwark's patriotic fons,

“ Contemn the myrmidons of Freedom:

“ Just as the vict'lling knaves who feed 'em

“ In lofts, or culinary caverns,

“ And cellars of their sheeps-head taverns,

“ Are

“ Are wont t' impound 'em 'till they pay bill ;
“ And chain their knives and forks to th' table :
“ As if, to Rogues, they would denote,
“ Give but a knife, they 'll cut your throat ;
“ And, to compensate drawing corks,
“ Pocket your spoons and knives and forks.—

“ Perhaps what course 'twere best to steer
“ You 'll ask, but on this point I fear
“ I cannot give you satisfaction ;
“ Because MY SYSTEM IS INACTION :*
“ So where Saint Anne's hill rears it head
“ For my part, I 'll *retire*—to bed †
“ When I 've tofs'd down another cup :
“ Come dear BET A*****D, tuck me up !

* See the following Notes.

† Κείται καλὸς Ἀδωνίς ἐπ' ὤρεσι —————

————— καὶ Κύπριν ἀνιᾶ

Λεπιδὸν ἀποψύχων.

Epitaphium Adonidis.

On Saint Anne's green summit high

In listless INACTIVITY

Adonis sleeps, while Venus moans :

“ Alas ! SECEDING WHIGS are drones ! ”

“ And,

" And, as for you, Sirs: Law obey; *
 " Or you 'll be tuck'd up *tother way*: †
 " Not better counsel nine in ten
 " Could give you—for I know my men. ‡
 " If PITT you combat, you 'll be worsted,
 " By him you 're better known than trusted:
 " So hence I draw conclusion plain,
 " Howe'er it goes against the grain,
 " That quietly submit you must,
 " 'Till time serves to kick up a dust. †

* " I am for strict obedience to the laws, and, for myself,
 retirement." Mr. Fox's Speech.

† He knew the spirit of the People of Westminster intimately.
 Report of Mr. Fox's Speech, Whig Club,
 Dec. 5, 1797. Morn. Chron.

‡ " With this view of the situation of things I may be
 asked—What would you advise? To which I answer, I
 see a great difficulty to give any advice that may be of any
 service; and therefore I can offer none. For myself, how-
 ever, I can only say that MY SYSTEM IS INACTION AND
 RETIREMENT. I shall pay obedience to the law, and I
 recommend the same conduct to you; not that I mean to
 flatter you with any hope that it will better your condition;
 but under your present circumstances, and indeed the cir-
 cumstances of the whole World, it is best for you, in my
 opinion,

" It may be said : If you retreat,
" Good Mister F*x give up you seat *
" To some one else."—Soft, Sirs, I trow
" Two words to such a bargain go ;
" In seasons of distrust and danger
" Is 't fit the dog should quit the manger ?
" Sure, if I can't eat hay or oats,
" They 're not design'd for other's throats !
" I'll stay to guard your geese and fowl,
" 'Twill do you good to hear me growl ;

opinion, to wait with quiet submission the turn of events for recovering (for indeed you have not preserved) the glorious Constitution of your forefathers."

* It may be said—"Why maintain a seat in parliament which you will not attend?" My first answer is—That, whenever any considerable body of my Constituents shall manifest to me a wish that I should no longer represent them, I will obey them quickly: but without that, it is not my present intention to give up my seat in Parliament, for two reasons: first, because I am convinced that no Representative, be he who he may, can in any considerable degree serve you in Parliament, constituted as things are at present."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Oct. 1798.

" And

- " And then consider Sirs, beside *
 " How it must mortify my pride
 " If ev'ry Westminster pot-boiler
 " Pimp, scriv'ner, scavenger, and tyler,
 " Should *silently* toss off his can,
 " And toast no more 'THE PEOPLE'S MAND'—
 " Then, Sirs, to mine is near allied
 " Your spirit, *highly rectified*;

* " Secondly, because it would be mortifying to me to put an end to a connexion with a People who have shewn such partiality to me, and, what is more important, have shewn *such a spirit* during the whole of this contest, which, if properly followed by the rest of the People of this Country, it would not be under the calamities it is now feeling. When the two Bills, in the year 1795, commonly called *The Pitt and Grenville Bills*, were proposed—Bills which (let others say what they please of them) directly repeal some of the most important parts of the Bill of Rights—this City opposed them; part of the Country opposed them also: but, if all the Country had followed the example, these Bills would never have passed.—When the Ministers had set aside the function of the House of Commons, by assuming a power, independent of Parliament, of sending millions of money out of the country to a foreign Prince, under the colour of a loan, the Citizens of Westminster addressed the Throne to dismiss them.—If the rest of the country had properly followed the example, that would have been effectual." Ibid.

" For when those *Pitt* and *Grenville* *BILLS*,
 " To whigs confounded bitter pills,
 " Made *Corresponding* Curs hang tail ;
 " We Both oppos'd them tooth and nail :
 " And—had the country briskly wagg'd as
 " Did you and I,—*WILL* ne'er had gagg'd us ;
 " We 'd blown up his despotic system,
 " And *GEORGE*, at your request, dismiss'd him.—

" Well, *Sirs*, though twice I have attended
 " The House, you'll not find matters mended.
 " And therefore, give me leave to say,
 " I'll now, *in earnest*, keep away—
 " For, though I fain would play the deuce,*
 " I cannot be of *any use*

* " It may be asked of me,—Why not attend Parliament?
 —The answer is that which I have repeatedly given; that
 it would only put a false gloss on the conduct of the
 Minister, by shewing that every thing he did was the act,
 not of his own power or of Government, but of Parlia-
 ment duly and deliberately considering and determining on
 every thing that came before them. *What use* to the
 country, what benefit to mankind can result from atten-
 dance

" Where Pow'r with Honesty conjoin'd,
" In Britain's cause enlist mankind.
" SUCH COALITION to advance
" I'll never lend my countenance,
" Although ('twere bootless to deny it)
" I must knock under to the fiat
" Of PITT, who rules omnipotent
" The JOVE of Britain's Parliament.

" Ah Sirs, though F*x is my cognomen,
" I 'm an old Bird of evil omen!—
" E'en while I croak, could you survey
" My soul, 'tis lin'd with *raven* grey :
" Th' woes imagination broaches
" Drive through my brain like mourning coaches;
" Our Club-room looks like Pluto's hall,
" And Whigs like Undertakers all!!

dance in a place where every thing is decided by power,
and nothing by consultation? It would be only, as I
have said, serving to put a false exterior on the state of
things."

Ibid.

" This domineering Treasury Lad
" Will drive me melancholy mad,*
" And yet, Sirs, I'm no pining fellow
" Whose melancholy's green and yellow,
" Mine's made of Opposition stuff,
" Right melancholy BLUE and BUFF.
" Upon a monumental pile
" Patience at Grief may sit and smile,
" But I'm content with seat more humble
" Upon this Chair I'll sit and grumble:
" Nor shall Concealment wear my soul
" Nor feed on my brown-damask jowl:†

* "Under such circumstances, every view of the country is, in my opinion, melancholy. The state of our domestic affairs makes a deep and mournful impression upon my mind. Indeed the state of affairs all over the world appears to me very gloomy." Ibid.

† She never told her love
But let Concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

Twelfth Night. Act II. Sc. 4.

" Nor

“ Nor me shall scare restrictive laws
“ From toasting Freedom's *desp'rate* cause, *
“ Exil'd France, Switzerland, and Poland,
“ Asylum she can find in no land!
“ Here, should the *Red Cap* grace her crown,
“ PITT o'er her visage pulls it down,
“ And ties her up in her own garters,
“ As he has done her IRISH Martyrs.
“ Sure, to make Traitors bite the dust is
“ The very climax of injustice!
“ Our honest Whigs, he 'll ne'er enlist 'em
“ To militate for such a system,
“ To white-wash—who so roundly swore—
“ ERIN'S Apostate Blackamoor.

+ “ It is a lamentable thing that the Cause of Liberty in every part of the world is desperate.—Where are we to look for Liberty? The French held forth, in words at least, a great attachment to it. If we expect to find it protected by them, let us look at the state of *Switzerland*. If we expect to see it cherished under the care of *Monarchs*, look at the state of *Poland*.”

Mr. Fox's Speech.

“ Your

" Your true-bred Whig, by right of nature*
" Is guardian, trustee, legislator
" T' himself, nor law, nor reason's voice
" Direct him, but his own Free Choice.
" All Sov'reigns made to be cashier'd
" He thinks, except the SOV'REIGN HERD:
" On principle he's still at variance
" With all but Multitudinarians,
" Who deem the Hydra-crested Brute
" Infallible and absolute,
" O'er all authorities supreme,
" Whig-eulogy's exhaustless theme.
" And 'tis, no doubt, his wisest course
" Thus to extol his Stalking Horse:

* " The Whig Principle states that man has natural rights, and he is the natural guardian of himself, and that the Government by which he is to be protected ought to spring from his own Free Choice."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Whig Club. Courier, May 8, 1799.

" It will be our duty to maintain the Whig Principle, that *men should govern themselves*, that the government of the people is the *only legitimate* government, &c."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Sund. Review, May 12, 1799.

" On

“ On whose broad flanks he’s wont to vault,
“ When he directs his mask’d assault
“ ’Gainst our State Fortrefs; for WHIG NOB
“ IS PRIMUM MOB-ILE OF MOB;
“ Which, as Scotch Bag-piper his drone,
“ Whig first inflates, then plays upon:
“ First claps o’ the back Seditious Cur,
“ Then of his growl ’s Interpreter:
“ Christ’ning Swill’d Insolence and Noise
“ ‘THE SOV’REIGN PEOPLE’S SACRED VOICE.’

“ They who to Cæsar render Cæsar’s
“ Dues, have no thanks from you and me, Sirs.
“ We adulation’s tribute-penny
“ Pay only to *Our Liege*—THE MANY,
“ Who reigns by voluntary suffrage
“ Of all who feel the BLUE and BUFF rage.
“ ’Twas Britons’ voluntary spunk
“ That gave DUTCH WILL with nose adunque

“ Three

" Three Crowns*—but *Old Whigs* I suppose
" Could not see far beyond their nose,
" Or they had ne'er impos'd the weight
" Of Three Crowns on One single Pate ;
" But laid *Mynheer* upon the shelf,
" And ev'ry Whig enthron'd himself.
" This sounds to loyal ears uncouth,
" Yet 'tis an *everlasting truth* :
" And these opinions, as I state 'em,
" Form, of Whig Club, the Grand Substratum.

" But Tories, Whig-antipodes,
" Broach dogmas the reverse of These :
" And Tories we denominate
" All those who steer the helm of State ;
" A set of arbitrary fellows,
" Who have the confidence to tell us

* " This is an everlasting truth. It was acted upon at the Glorious Revolution ;—and it is the Foundation of This Club."

Mr. Fox's Speech. Courier, May 8, 1799.

" That

“ That Whigs to law’s imperious yoke
“ Must bend as well as other folk.*
“ Rebellious Irishmen THEY hold
“ By martial force should be controll’d : †
“ And, though *Free Will* in ev’ry case is
“ Of Government the solid basis, ‡
“ They grudge Hibernian Whigs *Free Will*
“ To outrage, plunder, burn, and kill,—
“ Tyrannically stretch their necks
“ To cure ’em of such HARMLESS FREAKS,
“ Nay, ’though they should but exercise
“ Their *most undoubted Right* TO RISE,
“ An hempen bandage to the weason
“ Apply as remedy for treason ;

* “ The TORY Principle is, that for the sake of procuring a dispassionate Government, man ought not to be left to himself.”

† “ Do not believe that you can govern Ireland better than Ireland can govern itself.”

‡ “ It is the WHIG Principle of FREE WILL that alone affords a solid basis of true Government.”

Mr. Fox’s Speech. Courier, May 8, 1799.

“ And, by despotic windpipe-crushing,

“ Destroy *political discussion*.*

“ HERE WAS *This* Principle applied†

“ Who knows what fate might WHIGS betide !

“ Ah, were WE not of hemp afraid,

“ 'Twere fit *exertions should be made* ! ‡

“ FOR *I do feel* our state disastrous

“ While these confounded Tories master us.—

“ Tho' MICHAEL struts, tho' N**F**K's drinking

“ I feel the Constitution sinking :

“ Nor, without Radical Reform,

“ Can Opposition brave the storm.

* “ All free Discussion was now destroyed.”

Mr. Fox's Speech. Sund. Review.

† “ The Principle may be applied to This Country.”

‡ “ At no time were exertions more necessary for the salvation of England. I do feel, said Mr. Fox, that if exertions could be made with any hope of success, they ought to be so, for I do feel the situation of the country to be truly disastrous.

Mr. Fox's Speech. Courier, May 8, 1799.

“ Sore

“ Sore has her Squadron felt the shocks
“ Of Westminster and Maidstone Rocks,
“ TH***T 's in Banco Regis moor'd
“ And S*****'s sense gone over board ;
“ B*RD**T's brave CREW in Cold Bath bound,*
“ C***TN*Y's *flat-bottom'd* wit aground ;
“ J**YL, on grave consideration,
“ Has struck his flag of *recantation* ;
“ And WH***** 'neath the table roll'd
“ Pumps up the Porter from his hold.—

“ Freely my sentiments I 've utter'd ;
“ For on which side my bread is butter'd,
“ And who they are will serve my turn
“ Thank God, I am not now to learn.†
“ The sapient and enlighten'd Few
“ Give ME their cash, I THEM their cue,

* Mess. Jones, Davies, and other *gallant* Mutineers and Intimates of the “ *incomparable Baronet* ” as Mr. H. T**ke styles him, in Cold Bath Fields Prison.

† “ I have said these words to you freely ; I have spoken to you for myself only. Mr. Fox's Speech, Oct. 1798.

“ Who, while in common cause we join,
“ Pay *sterling* Worth with current Coin :
“ An honour 'tis to be connected *
“ With patriots all as well affected
“ To Liberty's *whig-honour'd* Saplin
“ As I am, or their BRENTFORD CHAPLAIN ;
“ And there 's no need for me to say
“ HE 'S A GREAT PATRIOT IN HIS WAY.†
“ And, for MYSELF, in ninety-seven,
“ E**K**E, first Counsel under Heaven,
“ Told you that, for my good behaviour,
“ I, as my Shipwreck'd Country's SAVIOUR,
“ Was mark'd by Providence divine : ‡
“ (I never heard a speech so fine!

* “ I cannot help saying, that I feel it a great honour to be connected with men of such understanding and spirit.”
Mr. Fox's Speech. Oct. 1798.

† Mr. TOOKE's patriotism has too long been known to render it necessary for us to say one word in his praise.

Courier, May 19, 1797.

‡ “ He had endeavoured to shew (in his pamphlet) that it was not yet too late to save us from *shipwreck*. He alluded to the miserable calumnies which had lately come forth

“ Nor do I think such beauties lurk

“ In *his Inestimable Work*.)*

“ Nay, what is more, CHARLES G**Y esquire,

“ Whose *splendid talents* Whigs admire,

“ For fear it should escape unheard,

“ Retail'd his Flummery word for word.†

“ Your eleemosynary pence

“ Have giv'n me EASE AND AFFLUENCE,‡

forth against the *exalted person* (Mr. Fox) who was endowed and marked out by Providence as THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY.”

Mr. Erskine's Speech. Whig Club. Feb. 1797.

* “ The Peace must be laid as Mr. Erskine, in *his inestimable work* had said, in principles that were pacific, &c.”

Mr. Fox's Speech, *ibid*.

† Mr. Grey, in return to the warm and cordial manner in which the company manifested their regard for his *splendid talents* made a very elegant address in which he adopted the sentiments of Mr. Erskine, that Providence had marked out their *exalted* Chairman as the SAVIOUR OF THE COUNTRY. Morn. Chron. Feb. 15, 1797.

‡ Mr. Fox proposed the Health of Mr. Grattan, “ We have both received marks of peculiar and unprecedented kindness from our COUNTRIES, though in different ways. —He received by a grant of the Parliament of his country, a mark

" And, fatt'ning on your kind Subscription,
 " Though Government in base Egyptian
 " Bondage should make you all bow down,
 " Against the grain, to GEORGE'S Crown,

a mark of their attention and kindness,—I have also received from my COUNTRY, though not in the same way, but in a way equally peculiar and unprecedented, a mark of kindness equally flattering. ————— In both instances the PUBLIC perhaps thought that persons who had exerted themselves in their service, should be placed in ease and affluence.——From THE PUBLIC WE have received EASE AND AFFLUENCE."

Courier, Decemb. 5. 1798.

Mr. F. having already termed the DUKE of B***** and GEORGE T*****y, Esq. *One Half* of his Country, (see Note, Page 50.) with equal justice and modesty here flurs the Whig Club upon us, under the imposing denomination of His Country. And indeed no man, who hath arithmetical knowledge enough to account the two worthy gentlemen abovementioned *One Half* of Great Britain, can possibly scruple to admit that the Whig Club constitutes *the Whole* of it. Nor, vice versa, will he, who maintains the truth of the latter proposition, deny that in the "par Nobile Fratrum" the illustrious Peer and Commoner are concentrated the valuable Moiety, viz. Half the Talents (*golden and brazen*) of that Reservoir of pure Revolutionary Doctrine and Grand Conservatory of potted Principle, THE WESTMINSTER WHIG CLUB.

" Tho'

" Tho' PITT your purses squeeze and shrink 'em
 " With this confounded Tax on Income,
 " Account ME still your doughty knight,
 " Ready, whether you 're wrong or right,
 " With Wine and Rhetoric charg'd, like Falstaff,
 " To rant, and brandish at your call staff,
 " And fight your battles o'er again
 " 'Gainst Ministerial Buckram Men.
 " MOB-MAJESTY still at his levee
 " Shall see ME and my hopeful NEPHEW.
 " I 'll in HIS SOV'REIGN CAUSE enlist all
 " My knaves: Nym-F**ST, and E**K**E-Pistol,
 " Poins-R****L too, and SH****Y-Bardolph:
 " We 'll from your sides State-cudgel ward off.
 " Dauntless MYSELF shall trace before ye
 " The road of Democratic glory;
 " Ne'er shall You be by ME forfook,
 " Or dropp'd at Hounslow as by T**KE,
 " Who, 'though *my friend*, 's a scurvy shepherd
 " That led his lambkins to be pepper'd,*

* "I have led *my Ragamuffins* where they are pepper'd, and that soundly."

“ Just staid his dang’rous theme to broach,
“ Then stepp’d out of SEDITION’S *Coach* :
“ Still, staunch and loyal to the gang,
“ With you I’ll drink, for you harangue,
“ ’Till safe I land you, from the Alehouse,
“ At INSURRECTION’S GOAL—THE GALLOWS.

THE NOBLE SANS-CULOTTE.

A BALLAD,

IN HONOUR OF

A CERTAIN EARL

WHO STYLED HIMSELF

A SANS CULOTTE CITIZEN

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.*

RANK, character, distinction, fame,
And noble birth forgot,
Hear ST*****E, modest Earl, proclaim
Himself a SANS CULOTTE!

Of pomp and splendid circumstance
The vanity he teaches;
And spurns, like Citizen of France,
Both Coronet and Breeches.

* A small Impression of the above Ballad with a characteristic engraving, was published separately when the Circumstance here stated took place; but in consequence of the demand for it since that period, it is now reprinted.

L

But,

But, thrown away on lordly ears,
His counsel none attend :
No pattern take his brother Peers
By ST****PE'S LATTER END.

Let Commoners for Britain's weal
Their patriot bottoms bare :
Lords are no Sans Culottes :—they veil
That Part with special care.

They vaunt aristocratic Tails
In silk and velvet 'dight ;
And, well-accounted, each affails
With taunts a *Naked* Wight.

“ At one End, says the noble Peer,
“ NO BREECHES I retain :
“ From this confession we infer
“ At t'other End NO BRAIN.

“ Whoe'er *alike unfurnish'd* views
“ Both Nether end and Upper,
“ May swear there's not a pin to choose
“ 'Twixt Pericrane and Crupper.”

But what care WE for lordly Spies,
A Ministerial band,
The *nakedness* who scrutinize
Of Opposition land ?

What tho' they deem us poor and bare,
Like those Lean Kine Egyptian—
Patriots there are who Breeches wear—
When paid for by SUBSCRIPTION.

With

With Nature's Buff (tho' BUFF AND BLUE
Be scant) provided each is :
No FUSTIAN if our Bottoms shew,
There's *plenty* in—OUR SPEECHES.

Nay, what if Brains and Breeches fail,
Let's hear no more about 'em ;
Since ST****PE, ay, and L****DALE,
Can make a shift without 'em.

Say, for what purpose and intent
Are brains and breeches fit ?
Breeches to *hide* our SHAME are meant,
Brains serve to *shew* our WIT.

Then, to the case in point you know,
Both must be misapplied
TILL L****DALE HAS WIT TO SHEW,
AND ST****PE SHAME TO HIDE.—

God save King GEORGE, and give his grace
To GEORGE the Prince of Wales ;
And to all British Peers a Case,
Wherein to keep their TAILS !

Queen CHARLOTTE's welfare Heav'n promote,
And show'r its gifts upon her ;
And FROM EACH NOBLE SANS CULOTTE
DEFEND THE MAIDS OF HONOUR !

THE SYSTEM SHATTERED.

Strenua Nos exercet Inertia. Hor.

SEE clamorous CH****s—who tooth and nail
 Administration fought—turn tail,
 And sullen from the House SECEDE
 Where none his *trite* Invective heed !
 “ INACTION I’ll indulge,” he cries ;
 “ The Mob have too much sense TO RISE ;
 “ And, in this dearth of knaves and fools,
 “ I cannot work without *my tools* :
 “ Nay what ’t’ough of our Club the chair I
 “ Adorn, as GRAND WHIG-LUMINARY,
 “ Dispensing patriotic Sunshine,
 “ While we exhaust the brandy puncheon ;
 “ Yet says the History divine
 “ ‘ THE SUN STOOD STILL ; ’—Then so shall MINE :
 “ And—till its warmth Sedition’s egg
 “ Has hatch’d—I will not stir a peg :
 “ But, while I drink “ Success to Faction,”
 “ Maintain MY SYSTEM OF INACTION,
 “ And to all effort give remission,
 “ TORPEDO OF THE OPPOSITION.”
 He ended—When his *Chere Amie*
 BET A*****—sitting on his knee—
 Anxious the rash Resolve to check,
 Threw her white arms about his neck :
 “ Alas, This System of INACTION
 “ Dear CH****s, has in thy skull a crack shewn !”—
 “ Zounds,” cried the Patriot—while she kiss’d him—
 “ You baggage—YOU ’VE DESTROY’D MY SYSTEM !”

SOME of the BREAD with which the French fed their Prisoners of War, having been brought to this Country, was analyzed by the direction of LORD GRENVILLE; and found to have been made of Horse-beans together with some Ingredients of a coarser Quality, mixed with a certain proportion of COMMON SAND.

EPIGRAM.

Say why with SAND, instead of Wheat,
FRANCE kneads her Captive's Crust?—
'Tis but to execute her Threat:
"MY FOES SHALL BITE THE DUST."

IMPROMPTU

IN ADMIRATION OF THE

DOWNY LUXURIANCE

FAINTLY SHADOWING THE LOWER HEMISPHERE OF AN
HEAVENLY COUNTENANCE.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS* all Angels supposes
With BEARDS are provided as well as with Noses:
Yet no Text has been found to confirm what he saith,
And make it an Item of Orthodox Faith.—
Sure to help a lame SAINT o'er a stile is no sin!
"You 'll find *Chapter and Verse*, TOM, on CAROLINE'S
Chin."

* A celebrated Teacher of School-divinity in the Universities of Italy, about the Middle of the Thirteenth Century—commonly called the ANGELICAL DOCTOR.

A CRUST

FOR

A CONVEYANCER.

HEAR, with patient attention a TRAGICAL TALE,
 Which will make our Episcopal Synod turn pale,
 Who from these simple stanzas—if ever they read 'em—
 Will find that the LAWYERS must soon supercede 'em.
 Derry down, &c.

For our Bishops so learn'd and our Deans orthodox,
 And Rectors take little account of their flocks,
 But leave, unconcern'd their lay-lambs in the lurch :—
 So CONVEYANCERS henceforth must govern the church.

The Gods—Epicurus averr'd long ago—
 With indiff'rence beheld Revolutions below ;
 They drank nectar and feasted, nor cared half-a-crown
 Though mankind, LIKE THE FRENCH, turn'd the Globe
 upside down :

Thus OUR GOSSIPS aver that their Lordships in lawn
 Have from things of *this* world their attention withdrawn,
 And, intent on *the next*, of each Church leave the care
 To Curates no better than HIM of Q****'s SQUARE.

And in truth to THIS CURATE Old Nick ow'd a grudge ;
 For—although in the pulpit as grave as a judge—
 Yet folks who his conduct have narrowly scann'd
 Say he did not put quite enough Starch in his Band.

That

That, besides, he 'd imbib'd an heretical notion
 That "a PARSON *may laugh*—till he's rais'd to Promotion:"
 Nay a joke had been heard at a Vestry to crack,
 And would dabble in rhyme though his coat it was black.

Some, who held themselves Censors of no little note,
 Said he 'd preach better doctrine than—ever he wrote:
 But, *what's worst*, in the Service, no vacuum or gap,
 No pause he 'd allow for—good Christians to nap.

Though they own'd, to atone for the last mention'd Crime,
 He 'd engag'd an ASSISTANT who read to Slow Time:
 So, should slumber, in spite of his efforts, o'ertake 'em,
 No danger there was that his Colleague might wake 'em.—

Yet—as if these *High Crimes* were but flight peccadilloes—
 The parishioners rested at ease on their pillows,
 Their pastors they follow'd, their puddings they ate 'em;
 And so they may still—would JOHN H*****Y let 'em.

A CONVEYANCER he is—employ him who list:
 Forbidding his aspect, and close is his fist;
 With more coin in his pocket than brains in his head,
 Yet A BOOK he has written that—Nobody read.*

To the gizzard it griev'd this PESTIFEROUS DON,
 That matters at Church went so quietly on.
 Thought he: These vile Curates I'll haul o'er the coals,
 And jobation bestow—for the good of their souls.

* Viz. The ponderous Biographical Abortion which the learned Conveyancer lately brought into the world, "The Life of Lord M**sf***d."—For a brief, but happy attempt to do justice to its extraordinary Merits, see THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, 7th Edit. Note on Page 322.

I'm unjustly accounted a NIGGARD, I trow,
 Since, if *One Hand* with-holds, I with *T'other* bestow :
 This truth I'll our Church-Reformation make good in :
 THEY shall taste my *Rebuke* who ne'er tasted my *Pudding*.

But although for her Sons I've a Tickler of Birch,
 I've an high veneration for OLD MOTHER CHURCH :
 And—unless for reproof when She needs my assistance—
 To evince my respect I—still keep at a distance.*

To the VESTRY, indignant, he then stalk'd away,
 Where Church-wardens and Sides-men sat rang'd in array :
 And so grim did he look that their Conclave astounded
 Thought they saw Hamlet's ghost or Don Quixotte dis-
 mounted.

He was led there—he said when he first stood before 'em—
 Left One should be wanting to make up their Quorum :
 Now though this his Exordium he knew was a lie,
 'Twas but ONE of a dozen he'd got cut and dry.

Then he straitway proceeded to open his Brief,
 And uncork all his bottled-up choler and grief ;
 To lament that Church-discipline, fall'n to decay,
 CONVEYANCERS wanted to shew—the Right Way.

" For, in sooth my good Sirs, You two *Parsons* have got ;
 " One gets on whip and spur, T'other drawls like a sot :
 " One scampers away, Sirs, to preach at Sp***g G**d*ns,
 " And, how T'other limps after him, cares not three
 farthings,

* The pious Conveyancer has *no seat* in his Parish Church,
 to which he is habitually A STRANGER.

" In charity, Sirs I your case would amend,
" Who, with *Two Ghostly Guides*, can on neither depend—
" For when *One* goes to Heaven, by what I can find
" From MY GOSSIPS' REPORTS, he will leave You behind:

" And I doubt with *the Other* no better you'll fare,
" He's so tardy that he nor you scarce will get there :
" Then—whichever you trust to—You'll all be made fools:
" Down your souls must go, DISH'D, 'twixt TWO
SPIRITUAL STOOLS."—

" But all this, I maintain, is no subject of laughter
" Amongst us *sound Church-men* who think on Hereafter ;
" Then so much for THE NEXT WORLD:—And now,
Sirs, the bills
" Give me leave to prefer of Your SECULAR Ills.

" And I think, I should soften the bowels of Jews
" When I shew how your Parsons will thin all your pews :
" The Church-wardens' receipts—they'll be not worth a
tester ;
" Then adieu to Roast Turkey at Christmas and Easter !

" For I'm credibly told by Respectable Folks,
" What with This John of Styles and that Other of Nokes,
" Your TWO READERS I mean, whose deserts I've
discuss'd
" Quite impartial:—for, faith! I don't know which is
worst.

" That Confusion at Church has took place of Devotion,
" Men, Women, and Children, are all in commotion,
" Girls titter, as if they were looking a farce on,
" When to publish the Banns comes your *Galloping Parson*:

" And when, in his turn, reads your reverend *Drone*,
 " Your Ailes they all cough, all your Galleries groan,
 " Your Wives cry: " Good by t'ye"—Your Brats turn
 their backs,
 " And Old Maids, stiff as buckram, their muscles relax.

" But to strike you with dread, consternation, and awe,
 " Know, to boot, the GREAT LORD AT THE HEAD OF
 THE LAW

" To this scandalous state of affairs is no stranger.—
 " 'Tis not fit that HE should, when the Church is in danger.

" This calamitous truth, Sirs, it shocks me to mention :
 " To have taken a Pew was his Lordship's intention,
 " And had my good Lord at Q****'s Square took a pew,
 " Why—perhaps you had seen there JOHN H*****Y too.

" His Lordship, to shew he was not over-nice,
 " Condescended to visit your Church once or twice,
 " And, I'll stake all my vast *Biographical* Fame !—
 " Twice my Lord went away, Sirs, as wise as he came.

" Sirs, believe me, my Lord went away quite disgusted :
 " Or—CONVEYANCER H*****Y's not to be trusted !
 " And, if there you can catch him again, for your pains
 " You shall take out and butter JOHN H*****Y's brains.

" No,—depend on 't, his Lordship has beat his retreat :
 " For HE since at the FOUNDLING *applied for a seat*,
 " Where all things, *of course*, must be done with decorum:
 " Since CONVEYANCER H*****Y'S ONE OF THE
 QUORUM."

Thus

Thus CONVEYANCER H*****Y clos'd his attack,
Thought his worship :—The Curate I've thrown on his
back :

I've in Chancery put him ;—he ne'er can appeal,
Since sentence against him has pass'd the GREAT SEAL.

The Church-bell it rang ;—hied the Curate away,
Glad enough to escape with Old Ladies to pray,
And “ Deliver us ”—’Tis thought in his Litany cried—
“ From CONVEYANCERS, Lord, and the Devil beside ! ”

But when he got home and had wetted his whistle,
Of the Noble Law-Lord, in respectful Epistle
To be told if his Lordship's opinion—he pray'd—
Had been by this CONVEYANCER truly convey'd.

And, whate'er you may think on't, with great condescension
To his Query my Lord gave immediate attention ;
And absolv'd from all censure the Church of Q****'s
Square :

For HIS LORDSHIP—God bless us !—HAD NEVER
BEEN THERE !!!

And obligingly deign'd to inform him beside ;
FOR A SEAT AT THE FOUNDLING HE NE'ER HAD
APPLIED !

And to worship his Maker his Lordship's research
No farther had stray'd than his own Parish Church.—

Then for lying JOHN H*****Y who cares a straw ?
Let the TAIL of the Church bless the HEAD of the Law.
And may Providence—mending their morals and dinners—
FROM CONVEYANCING SAINTS GUARD ALL CLE-
RICAL SINNERS !

Derry down, &c.

THE END.

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